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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE — Radio Service — OFFICE OF INFORMATION

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PRIMER FOR TOWN FARMERS

Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1930

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U. S. Department of Agriculture

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Speaking Time: 10 Minutes

ANNOUNCEMENT: Most everybody loves a good dog. But then love is quite often blind, or so they say. And so a lot of us who classify as dog lovers can not by any means be classified as knowing very much about taking care of dogs. If by any chance you belong to this large group, you will probably be interested in today's Primer for Town Farmers, which Station____presents at this time through the courtesy of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Neighbor Thompson, our town-farmer radio friend, is going to talk about proper care of the dog--- and this is a subject on which I happen to know Mr. Thompson himself is a great enthusiast. All ready, Neighbor.....

****

Every time I meet with some of my old boyhood friends, the talk turns irresistibly to dogs.

Whenever you saw one ofus in the days when I was a boy you would count on seeing at least one dog----and usually more than one. For there were seven boys in the gang, and nine dogs; and when we all got together on Saturdays, well----as my uncle used to say-----it was a sight for dog catchers to dream about.

So now, when we meet again, and some one says "Remember Old Shep?," it brings that far-away smile quicker than anything I know of. And then we look back once more to that beautiful friendship which existed between Old Shep and the gang. Shep was a big black shaggy shepherd dog, and he bossed the dogdom of our community with a fang that flashed death and destruction; but he was one of the gentlest and staunchest friends that seven small boys ever had.

However, it wouldn't be fair to mention Shep without speaking of Buster in the same breath. This was Shep's other great friendship, and it is still our favorite legend. Buster was a puny little brown rascal, who seemed to be mostly a combination of Terrier, Dachsund, and other breeds unknown. Buster and Shep were a sort of canine Mutt and Jeff, and their devotion was something wonderful to look upon.

And then somebody is sure to provide comic relief by recalling the exploits of Beaver. We used to claim that Beaver was the dumbest dog in the world, and this was no claim to be taken lightly, either, notwithstanding the fierce passion it inspired in the breast of Beaver's young master. Beaver was an awkward, kittenish young greyhound, whose clownish ways were

forever getting us into trouble. One time he broke into a farmer's smoke-house and carried off an entire ham; and then he followed this performance by chewing up a lace curtain in the living room. The worst of it was, we happened to be hoeing corn for this farmer at the time, and Beaver's indiscretions cost his young master three hard-earned day's wages. And what a blow that was, just before Saturday night.

My own dog at the time was named Trash. He was a beautiful white Samoyede, and a very intelligent dog, and I was naturally proud of him. But the boys said he was "fancy," and his actions were somewhat humiliating at times. He was faster than any dog except the greyhound, and he loved to chase rabbits and pull a wagon or sled; but there his usefulness ended. It may have been ignorance, or it may have been kind-heartedness----or it may have been just plain dumbness, as the boys said it was---but the fact remained that Trash just would not harm a rabbit, or anything else for that matter, after he had caught up with it. I have had difficulty more than once protecting him from the wrath of an angry gang, after he had nearly caught a rabbit and then stood around indifferently while it scampered away to safety.

And let me say here, that if you've never hunted rabbits with dogs, and with only sticks as weapons, ----well, you've missed something. There's something about a wild chase across the cornfield, and over the ditch banks, and through the thicket, that you can't find with a shotgun. Those were truly the days of real sport.

But I could go on and on, reminiscing, and I really am supposed to say something about caring for dogs. Well, I was interested in what your announcer said, about all of us being dog lovers but that our love is often blind. I think that is true. And I guess that I ought to plead guilty right off the bat.

As far back as I can remember, we've always had at least one dog around the house. But just here recently I've found myself waking up, and discovering that there are a lot of things about caring for dogs that I don't know. It may sound funny to you, but I didn't know until the other day that potatoes are not at all good for dogs.

That is just one thing I didn't know. I've been learning a lot of others too. My boy, Tommy, who is just 10 years old, wanted a dog for his birthday. So I was talking it over with Doctor Westfall, who is something of a dog expert. The Doctor was quite a hunter in his day, and then he was a breeder of fine dogs for years, and now he's running a dog hospital. So I can always depend on him to know whereof he speaks.

It was Doctor Westfall who advised against feeding potatoes. Dogs can't digest them properly because of the starch, he said. Nor can dogs digest other feeds that contain a large amount of starch.

I thought you might be interested in some tips he gave me about feeding in general. I finally decided to get a six-months-old pup for Tommy, and the Doctor said that a pup this age should get about 1/4 of its diet in the form of milk.

"Other good feeds," he went on, "are some cereals, dry bread dipped in milk, broth or gravy, vegetables and meat. Beef, lamb and mutton are

good, but pork and pork products are less desirable. In any case the meat should be lean, and finely chopped or minced. Avoid feeding bones, particularly those which are sharp and brittle, like chicken bones.

Doctor Westfall remarked that commercial dog feeds, such as dog biscuits, are all right, though some dogs do not like them. One excellent, though rather expensive, dog food is easily made by mixing raw eggs with milk.

Now, on the other hand, AVOID potatoes, avoid sweets, and avoid anything else that doesn't seem to agree with the dog's health and appetite. Remember that dogs are individuals, just like human beings, and their needs and appetites vary.

I asked the Doctor how <u>often</u> I should feed a six-months old dog.

"About 3 or 4 times a day," he replied. "During and immediately after the nursing period, young puppies will take food 6 or 8 times daily. Then as the dog grows older, gradually reduce thenumber of feeding periods until, at 6 months, he's getting food 3 or 4 times a day. By the time he is a year old, feed him twice daily. That's enough. And remember that the <u>heavy</u> feed should come at night -- that is, unless he is a watch dog and has to stay awake all night.

He told me to be sure and give the pup -- and the older dogs, too, for that matter -- plenty of exercise. Doctor Westfall can talk on this subject by the hour.

"It isn't fair to keep a dog chained up all day, or confined in a stuffy room, or a close kennel," he declares. "If you want to make a dog surly and vicious just keep him chained and have some one around to tease him now and then. Dogs naturally have friendly, trusting natures, but even the friendlies will fight against the heavy odds of ill care and inaction. Don't forget that dogs need exercise and plenty of it---just as you do."

Now, patience is another red-letter word in Doctor Westfall's creed. He doesn't believe in whipping or punishing a dog unless it is absolutely necessary.

"When you train your dog to obey simple commands, such as 'heel', 'lie down,' or to come at your call, use a world of patience," he says. If the dog deliberately disobeys a command which he knows, it may be wise to punish him lightly. But don't kick him, or hit him viciously for disobeying. Use a light switch or grasp him by the scruff of the neck and back and gently shake him. Be careful not to break your dog's spirit; and don't make a sneak or a coward out of him."

Now here are a number of other pointers that the Doctor considers important. I'll pass them on to you as briefly as possible:

"Keep the kennel dry, clean, sanitary, and free from draughts.

"See that every dog has a supply of fresh, clean water.

"Never chain the dog up, unless it's absolutely necessary.

"Never attempt to train pups together. Give them individual attention.

"Use a leather collar, not a metal one.

"Never allow a dog to chase livestock or automobiles. Train him to stay in the yard, and he'll do so.

"Don't 'holler' at a dog, unless at a distance. Talk to him in a quiet tone of voice. He is guided by friendliness, firmness, and tone.

"Remember, also that a thorough daily grooming will do much to promote any dog's health."

And by the way, if you want information on the different breeds of dogs, you'll find it in Farmers' Bulletin No. 1491-F, called "Breeds of Dogs." If you'll drop me a line in care of Station___I'll be glad to get a copy for you; or you can write direct to the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Washington.

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ANNOUNCEMENT: That concludes the Primer for Town Farmers for To-day. Neighbor Thompson will be back with us again next Wednesday at this same hour.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE — Radio Service — OFFICE OF INFORMATION

PRIMER FOR TOWN FARMERS

Wednesday, November 12, 1930

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Speaking time: 10 Minutes.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Neighbor Thompson, town farmer, is with us again at this time. In today's Primer for Town Farmers, which Station_____ presents through the cooperation of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Mr. Thompson talks about last minute preparations for winter. He tells me he has saved up three vacation days for this purpose himself, and now he's going to tell us why. All right, Neighbor...

—oOo—

The window of my basement study looks out upon the lawn of my next-door neighbor, Bob Sawyer. Well, I had arisen at an unusually early hour the other morning to do a little work, and I was feeling pretty proud of myself. Then I happened to glance out the window, and there was Bob, overalls and all, showing signs of unusual activity. Of course I had to dash out to see what it was all about.

Well, it seems that Bob was raking leaves with a purpose.

"Sure I know what I'm going to do with these leaves," he told me, "although I'm sure I don't know where they all come from. What am I going to do with them. Well, observe!"

So I observed. And I noticed that Bob had oak leaves piled about a foot deep around his rhododendrons. He was keeping them in place by laying short pieces of wire netting and boards over them. And I found that he had piled the leaves of maples, elms, sycamores and fruit trees in a depression to the rear of his garden. A little soil and some superphosphate and he would have some fine compost.

"As I pile the leaves for compost," said Bob, "I turn on the the hose and give them a good wetting so that they will decay. And then I'll add cleanings from the poultry house and plenty of garden loam. That ought to give me a lot of compost for next summer, oughtn't it? Say, Thompson, it gives me the blues to think how I used to burn all my leaves. W.R.B. says it is almost like burning money, and I guess he's right."

"I thought W.R.B. had something to do with this," I laughed.

W.R.B., you know, is a garden specialist of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, who is my next-door neighbor on the other side.

"But let me give you a tip," I went on. "Don't let W.R.B. catch you using that steel rake. And I can tell you why, because he gave me a lecture on that very subject last year."

Be very careful with a rake of any kind on your lawn, says W.R.B. If you must use a rake to collect leaves, use a wooden rake; or else take a steel rake and place a couple of large spools or blocks of wood on the two outer teeth. This prevents injury to the roots of the grass; and it also prevents removal of clippings and fallen grass blades, which form a mulch on the surface of the ground.

And furthermore, says W.R.B., don't use a broom to sweep leaves on the lawn, unless it is a bamboo broom which has tips turned up like the teeth of a rake. And then use it like a broom---with a sweeping motion---not like a rake.

"Enough said," put in Bob at this point, "Lend me your wooden rake, will you?"

Well, it wasn't long before the spectacle of both Bob and myself out so early in the morning, had drawn a crowd. W.R.B. himself appeared, and of course our neighbor Mrs. Smith dropped across the street to see what was going on. As usual Mrs. Smith asked questions and as usual W.R.B. had to answer them.

She was complaining, I remember, because leaves were so loose and airy they were hard to handle, in baskets or wheelbarrows. So W.R.B. suggested that she get a piece of light canvas about 8 feet square; and then spread it where the leaves are thickest on the lawn or in the roadway; and then rake all of the leaves on it. The four corners can be brought together to form a bag, And this bag will hold as many loose leaves as can be carried in a basket or wheelbarrow in a half-dozen trips.

"When you get your leaves to the compost pile," W.R.B. suggested, "weight them down with soil so that they won't blow."

Now, how the talk drifted to perennials I don't know, but it did. Bob Sawyer says that when Mrs. Smith gets within question-asking distance the conversation is apt to drift anywhere. But we all hand it to Mrs. Smith—she puts what she learns into practice. And though we pretend that we knew it all the time, she has given us some good tips.

Anyway, the talk did turn to perennials, with W.R.B. doing the talking.

"Take delphiniums, columbines and hollyhocks for example," he said. "Their worst enemies are Jack Frost, and the heaving of the soil which is due to freezing and thawing. But don't cover them with leaves, or straw or manure or anything of the sort. They are pretty sure to rot in the soil, if you do. The best protection is a layer of about 2 inches of fine gravel, or very coarse sand. Spread this over the soil, extending 8 or 10 inches from the plants. This seems to prevent the frequent thawing of the ground, which is followed by another freeze, and thus by the gradual pulling of the plant roots from their hold in the soil. Of course, you understand this doesn't happen so much on sandy or gravelly soils, or in parts of the country where the ground seldom freezes.

"Will my hardy tea roses need protection this winter," asked Mrs. Smith.

"Roses will need protection in all the colder parts of the country, say north of the latitude of Washington, D.C.," W.R.B. replied. "So it will soon be time to prune hardy tea roses, and mound them with earth for the winter. And it is high time, also, that fall roses were planted throughout the central part of the country. It is already too late in the extreme north; and in the south, of course, roses may be planted almost any time during the winter."

Now, so much for our early-morning talk-fest. I am indebted to Mr. Furman Lloyd Mulford, landscape specialist of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, for suggestions about annual flowering plants which can be planted in the fall. The poppy for example. Mr. Mulford says that any of the poppies except the California poppy can be sown just before winter sets in. Prepare and fertilize a piece of ground which will not wash during winter rains, he advises. And then just about the time you may expect real winter weather, sow the poppy seed on top of this prepared ground, and leave it without covering.

You can plant sweet peas in the fall, successfully, two years out of three, he says. The big thing is to dig a trench and work compost and fertilizer into the soil to a depth of about 18 inches. Then just before the ground freezes, plant the sweet pea seed at a depth of about 4 inches. Remember, they should be planted so late that there will be no danger of their coming up this fall.

And by the way, there is a bulletin on annual flowering plants that you may be interested in. If you are, write for Farmers' Bulletin No. 1171-F.

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ANNOUNCEMENT: This concludes the Primer for Town Farmers, brought to you by our town-farmer friend, Neighbor Thompson. You may secure copies of that bulletin by writing to Mr. Thompson in care of Station____, or direct to the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. The title, again, is "Growing Annual Flowering Plants," and the number is Farmers' Bulletin No. 1171-F.

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PRIMER FOR TOWN FARMERS Wednesday, November 19, 1930.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Speaking Time: 10 Minutes.

ANNOUNCEMENT: And now we present Neighbor Thompson, town farmer, in another of the series of 10-minute chats, which come to you through the cooperation of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Two weeks ago Mr. Thompson talked about dogs. Today he is going to discuss with you the care of pets in general---from cats to canaries and from parrots to peafowl, whatever your particular choice in pets may be. All ready, Neighbor...

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I have a friend who owns a very fine dog, a Great Dane. My friend and his whole family think that the world revolves around Old Danny, as they call him.

But one especially bleak and cheerless night last winter, Mrs. T. and I were calling at this friend's home. And I happened to ask him a question. We were preparing to leave, and our host turned Danny out of doors for the night. I inquired if Danny had a warm place to sleep. And my friend replied, "Why, I've never asked him."

Well, somehow that half-serious, half-flippant remark disturbed me. I wonder if this attitude is common; and I wonder if it is justified.

But let me tell you another story which is more amusing. My neighbor Mrs. Smith, who raises a garden and asks questions, has two small girls. The grandfather of these girls is a farmer, and raises pigs. Well, early this fall one little pig was disowned by its mother; and so Grandpa Smith gave it to his two grand-daughters. The girls fixed up a cozy pen in their back-yard, fed it on a bottle, and all in all, treated it as if it were a sort of animated doll.

And for that matter, if you can imagine a member of the swine family behaving like an animated doll, this one does. Bob Sawyer has nick-named him "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Fauntleroy follows the girls everywhere except to school, and Mrs. Smith tells me she is now living in daily fear of that.

Now, I'm not attempting to prove anything by these two instances. They do, however, serve to bring up a question that I'd like to lay before the house at this time.

I'd like to know your ideas on this matter of thoughtfulness and attention. Not only from a humanitarian standpoint, but from the standpoint of whether it pays. How much extra attention do we owe our domestic pets, and how much do they need?

Well, I seem to have the floor, and so I'm going to say my say now.

It seems to me that it is pretty hard to place a limit on good care. From my experience with pets of various kinds, I feel that they generally respond in direct proportion to the attention they get. Perhaps KINDNESS is a better word than attention, because when you say kindness you include most everything. I have never felt that my friend who had not asked his dog where he slept, did a kind act when he turned him out on a bitter cold night. What do you think?

Now, I've rounded up quite a batch of suggestions here, from my friends who have had long experience with pets, and from experts on different pets. And I'm going to pass them along as briefly and rapidly as possible. If they suggest any points that you'd like further information on, send in your questions or comments, and I'll see that they reach the proper specialist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Well, let's start with cats. Doctor Westfall, our community dog and cat expert, tells me that the cat is a natural meat-eater. Meat, Westfall says, is better than milk for cats.

"Beef, mutton and rabbit meat are especially good," he told me. "Liver is find. And I always feed chicken and duck heads to kittens. They seem to like them about as well as anything. A little milk is all right, but don't give too much. A lot of milk is bad for cats. Large quantities of vegetables aren't good, either, although a little spinach is healthful if they'll eat it. Give cats small quantities of table scraps, if there's plenty of meat mixed in. And by all means, be sure that your cat gets grass, regularly."

One meal a day is plenty for a mature cat, Westfall believes. The point is that cats are temerate. Don't feed them too much---but on the other hand, don't make the cat forage for its food in a back alley, or in trees.

As to feeding kittens, it seems best to let them work up gradually from a milk diet. Begin feeding meat as soon as they have their teeth---a small portion of scraped or finely-ground meat is enough to start on. Feed twice a day, at regular times; and feed just enough so that the kittens will always eat their share hungrily.

And now, here's the doctor's remedy for cat colds:

Give the cat one-half teaspoonful of codliver oil with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of sulphur stirred into it. Then take care to avoid drafts. Give a teaspoonfull of a mixture containing white of an egg and oil every hour, for nourishment. Finally, keep the cat warm---give it plenty of fresh air---and the fewer drugs the better.

Now, let's see about canaries. I am told by a bird expert thaf most of the common troubles with canaries in captivity are due to improper diet. Either they are fed too much in quantity, or they get too much soft food.

This expert points out that it is entirely possible for canaries to live in perfect health on hard seeds alone. And any variations from the hard-seed diet can best be found in the green foods, such as sprouted canary seed, sprouted oats, and lettuce. In any event, avoid feeding custards, bread and milk,and similar soft foods.

If your birds don't seem to be doing well, you might crack open a few of the seeds you are feeding, to make sure that there is something there besides the hull.

Aside from food, probably the two most common causes of canary troubles are drafts, and lack of sanitation. Avoid exposing the birds to abrupt changes of temperature. Don't place the canary cage close to a window unless all the chinks are stuffed. And if the room cools off considerably at night, it may be best to keep the cage covered, preferably with a woolen cloth.

Remember, also, that canaries are susceptible to certain diseases, and that these disease germs thrive in unsanitary conditions. Give the birds a fresh supply of clean water every day---wash both water and food containers regularly and thoroughly---and wash the removable cage bottom in hot water every once in a while. It is also a good idea to cover the bottom of the cage with several thicknesses of paper, or with the heavy sand-paper that bird-supply houses carry.

Above all, don't neglect to supply bath water every day.

Well, now we come to parrots. And it seems that the main thing to bear in mind about parrots, is that they are warm weather birds. It's best to buy them in warm weather and then keep them warm the year around. Troubles are apt to develop unless drafts are excluded, and unless temperature changes are small and gradual.

Another thing to remember is that the parrot's bill needs exercise. For this purpose a caged parrot needs a block of soft wood or partly decayed hardwood, or branches with the bark on.

Plenty of grit is also essential, I am told. Coarse, sharp sand is good---and it is a fine plan to keep a mixture of sand, coarse salt, charcoal, and broken oyster shells before the parrot at all times.

Now, let's see. I've left out rabbits, and I've said nothing about white mice. But I want to talk about rabbits later on, and if you want information about white mice you will find it in a Department of Agriculture leaflet called "Hints on the Care of White Mice and Rats." There are also leaflets called "Hints on the Care of Parrots," and "Hints on the Care of Peafowl."

For information on canaries, write for the bulletin entitled, "Canaries, Their Care and Management," Farmers' Bulletin No. 1327-F.

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ANNOUNCEMENT: You have been listening to the Primer for Town Farmers, brought to you by Neighbor Thompson. Remember, that all of these publications he mentioned are free, as long as the supply lasts. They are "Canaries, Their Care and Management", Farmers Bulletin No. 1327-F; and three leaflets, one on the care of white mice and rats; one on the care of parrots, and one on the care of peafowl. If you want copies, simply drop a line to Neighbor Thompson at Station _____, or write directly to the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Washington.

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PRIMER FOR TOWN FARMERS

Wednesday, November 26, 1930

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Speaking Time: 10 Minutes

ANNOUNCEMENT: And now we again present our town-farmer friend, Neighbor Thompson, and his Primer for Town Farmers. Like most of us, Mr. Thompson is busy looking forward to that Thanksgiving dinner. He is not wondering where tomorrow's meal is coming from; rather, he is wondering where it came from. There seems to be a distinction, as we shall see in a moment. All right, Neighbor, explain...

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Mrs. T. sat at the telephone yesterday morning and ordered Thanksgiving foodstuffs from 15 different states and two foreign countries----and they were delivered promptly yesterday evening.

At least this is according to the best guess of my next-door neighbor, Bob Sawyer, who happened to be present when Mrs. T. was ordering. Perhaps there were only 14 states, or 12, instead of 15; and they may have been more than two foreign countries. But anyway, a few states and countries more or less, wouldn't matter to Bob.

"Speak a number," he remarked, "and you have a direct line to the market basket of the world."

Of course, this doesn't seem so wonderful to us today, But I wonder what the ancient Epicureans might think about it. Back in the palmy days of the Roman empire, you'll recall, emperors and men of wealth often squandered fortunes to bring delicacies to their tables. Adventurous spirits of those times constantly braved the lurking perils of unchartered seas and unknown lands to bargain for fine spices and rare fruits.

Well, I was just thinking that it is too bad an Epicurean of the old school can't sit down at the table with us tomorrow. He might take me for a Roman emperor. Mrs. T. has not planned such an elaborate Thanksgiving meal, at that; but we will have dishes---- and so will you----that used to be exclusive to great wealth. The ingredients of our modern fruit salads doubtless would have been treats fit to thrill the most blase Epicurean appetites. I shudder to think what these gentlemen might have done to get at a row of steaming "punkin" pies.

Nowadays, I'm not sure I could tell them where the pumpkin for Mrs. T's pies, comes from. I didn't ask the grocer, and the information wasn't on the can. For all I know the pumpkin on our table tomorrow may represent Indiana, or the Connecticut river valley, or the broad plains of Nebraska, to name only three possibilities, or it may have come from a nearby cornfield.

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As for turkey----which the Epicureans had never heard of----I'm not sure, either. It may have come from a local poultry farm; or it may have come from the Great open spaces of western Texas; or perhaps it was from Virginia, or Utah. Under our present methods of refrigeration, and transportation, it may have come from almost any state in the Union. And we wouldn't know the difference.

There's a little more certainty about cranberries. W.R.B., who is my other next-door neighbor and also my adviser on gardening matters, tells me that cranberries are produced in relatively few localities. Among the possibilities are the Cape Cod district in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and the Columbia River valley in the Pacific Northwest.

Cranberries require special conditions for thriving growth, according to W.R.B. But great improvements have been made in the last few years, in producing and handling them. You have doubtless noticed, as I have, the neat boxes of cranberries, carefully graded and selected, now being sold. Every berry is often practically perfect. When it comes to cranberries, I'm a modernist. It wasn't so many years ago that I always had to help Mrs. T. sort out the cranberries we bought. They were a miscellaneous lot, large and small together, and some of them unfit. But this is one job that has been unnecessary. Which is another thing I have to be thankful for tomorrow.

Mrs. T. deserves some credit for this, of course. She selects her cranberries carefully, for firmness and deep color. Pale or greenish or yellow cranberries are taboo. And she also takes care that there is no sign of undue moisture in the berries that she buys.

Now, with potatoes, it would be quite a gamble to say where they did come from, offhand, unless you grew your own. Potatoes are grown in every state of the country. I'm informed that we grow about 400 million bushels a year, of which every man, woman and child in the United States consumes 2½ bushels on the average. The largest shippers of potatoes at this season of the year are Maine, Idaho, Minnesota, and Colorado.

Sweet potatoes, like the turkey and the white potato and pumpkin pie, are believed to be distinctive American contributions to the Thanksgiving feast. Records of the voyages of Columbus contain references to sweet potatoes, and specimens were carried back as proof of the wonders of the New World. They were cultivated in Virginia shortly after its first settlement, perhaps as early as 1610. Of course, the south and the Atlantic seaboard are the big producing regions, but the production of sweet potatoes is not confined to these regions, by any means. The sweet potato, by the way, is one Thanksgiving delicacy I like to select myself----when I can get away with it. Our family is divided on the sweet potato question. Mrs. T. and my eldest boy Art, like the dry mealy kinds; and Tommy and I like them moist and syrupy.

However, I've been fooled more than once, when I did get to select them myself. I always look for the potatoes with a reddish or pinkish cast to their color. This is generally characteristic of the Nancy Hall and the Porto Ricans, which are the main soft-fleshed varieties. On the other hand, Mrs. T. looks for Jerseys, which are, generally speaking, light yellow or buff in color, WITHOUT the pink or reddish shade.

Of course, both of us miss our guesses occasionally. Probably the best way to know which kind of sweet potato you are buying is to find out what part of the country it came from, if you can. If it came from the south, including Texas, California and Tennessee, it is probably a moist variety. The big source of the dry Jersey varieties is the section along the Atlantic coast from Norfolk region of Virginia, northward to New Jersey.

At this time of year Virginia, Tennessee, Maryland, and California are the leading sources of market sweet potatoes.

Now, I take some pride in the fact that my own Thanksgiving celery this year came out of my garden. However, if you buy celery, it may be the product of a New York muck farm, of a Michigan celery field, of the recently developed industry around Troutdale, Oregon; or of California. California's big crop which far exceeds that of any other state in late fall and winter, is coming on the market at this time. Late in the winter and early in the spring, the big supply comes from Florida.

In selecting celery, Mrs. T. informs me she keeps an eye out for hard firm formation, a good heavy stalk, and crispness. The tops need not necessarily be green in color; but they should be crisp and fresh-looking.

Size and firmness of head, and crispness, are also the essential features of lettuce. Most of our lettuce for Thanksgiving, by the way, is Iceberg lettuce from the west. The California season is just winding up, and the Arizona winter season will be getting under way.

Now, let's add to our list tomatoes, and beans and corn----and what a novel spread that would make for this mythical Epicurean friend of mine. We have turkey, cranberries, potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, beans, and corn and pumpkin pie----all of American origin. All of these good things came into European ken more than 1,000 years after the fall of the Roman Empire.

Besides our markets today offer fresh carrots from Central California and New York; cabbage from New York and Wisconsin; cauliflower from southern California; fresh snap beans from Florida; spinach from Texas and Virginia--to name the outstanding November sources.

Your raisins doubtless come from California. So do your Persian, or English walnuts. Almonds may come from almost any part of the Pacific coast. The pecans and salted peanuts in your nut dishes are products of the Southern states. Grapefruit from Florida and Texas; grapes from California; and apples from most anywhere.

Now, all of the products I've mentioned come to us from farms of the United States. Only the spices, the coffee, and the tea, may have come from foreign countries. Even the sugar may be produced in Louisiana cane fields, or in the sugar beet fields of several western states and Michigan.

It was on this basis that Bob Sawyer figured that our Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow is to be a product of 15 states and two foreign countries. He probably isn't far wrong.

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ANNOUNCEMENT: Neighbor Thompson has just brought you the Primer for Town Farmers. Station____ presents Mr. Thompson each Wednesday at this same hour, through the cooperation of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.